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Archarios, 1986 Spring

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Archarios

Archaios

Coastal Carolina College

1985 - 86



Sunday Afternoon

Mary Ann Stoffel

First Place

EPISTLE TO THE STUDENTS OF GOVERNMENT 583

(who achieved an average of 52% on the first quiz of the semester)

And lo, it transpired in the fifth year of King Ron that the Man of Vroo sent unto the elders of Oxford, demanding of them a teacher who might instruct the children of the Beach of Myrtle and the Way of Con.

Forthwith, a lowly scholar of Oxford arrived unto the Kingdom of Ohr-Ri, riding upon an ancient green motor, and he set forth among them, writing long words upon the board of black and teaching them of Middle Eastern kingdoms, so strange and mysterious that the people had not necks of red, nor even dranketh of Koors.

“Learn what hath been transcribed within the sacred notes and upon the board of black,” he spaketh unto the children of the Beach of Myrtle and the Way of Con, “or I shall wax mightily wroth and there shall be some knashing of the old choppers when cometh the evil day of the quizzeth.”

But the Children of the Beach of Myrtle and the Way of Con heedeth him not. Though they drank of the Juices of Bud, wiser they grew not. In class did they slumber, and at night, lo, they screweth around mightily.

And so came to pass the day of the quizzeth and the children of Ohr-Ri knew not the answers though they cheateth wonderfully.

And the Man of Oxford was sorely vexed. “The lot of thee I shall surely flunketh,” he swore. “And there shall be weeping and appeals to the Petitions Committee, but my heart will be hard, ye buggers, for the final examination shall be soon upon thee like a plague of Socastee frogs.”

For it is written:

The quizzes giveth,
And the final
Taketh away.

Prof. Richard Collin

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ARCHARIOS
1985 - 86

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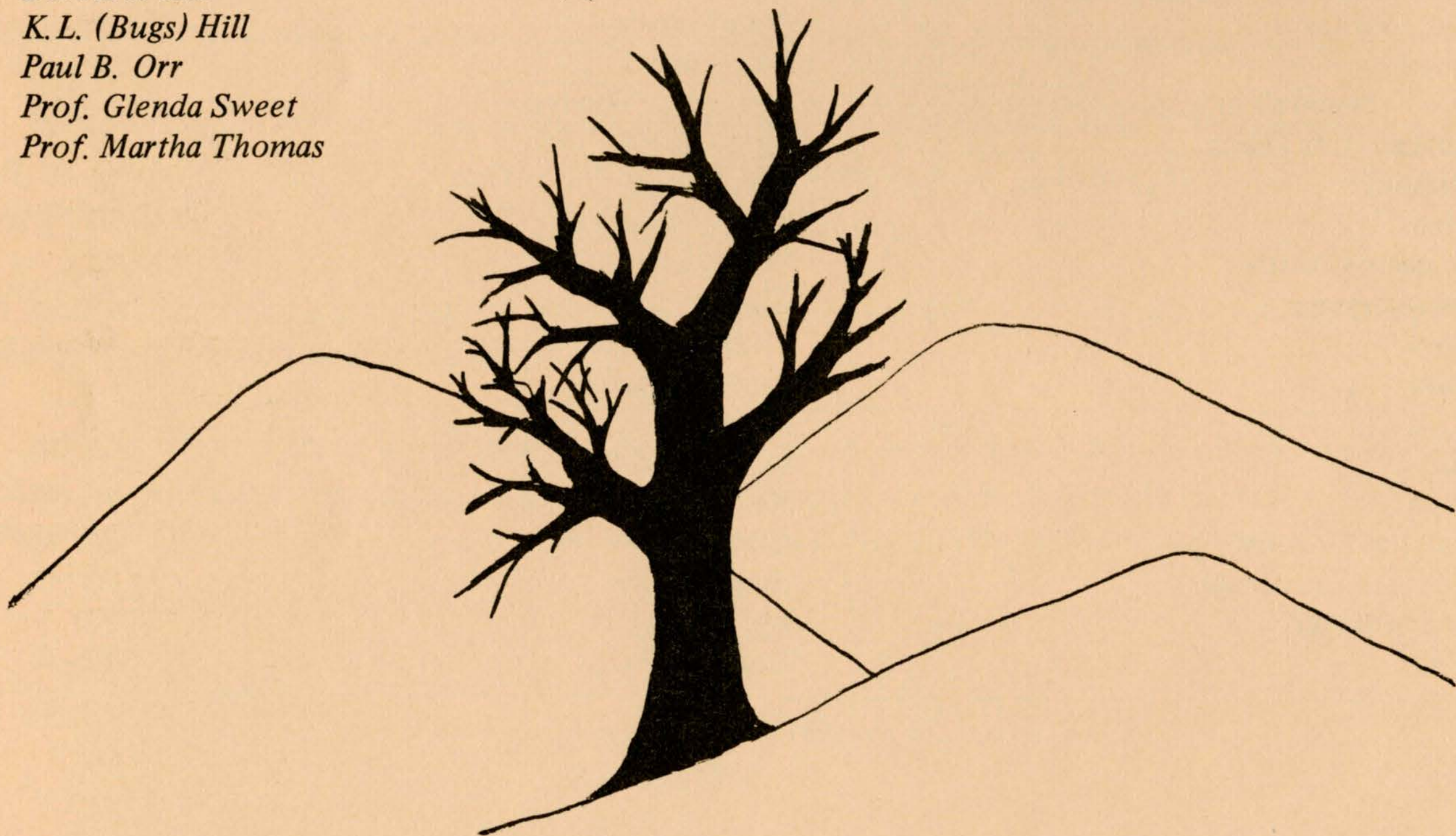
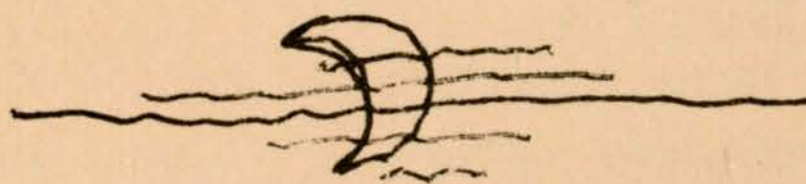
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ALARM WATCHES

Margaret Mishoe

First Place

I'm not certain when alarm watches first came on the scene. I know it's only recently that they came into everyone's price range. Everybody who was anybody promptly went out and bought one. I never gave these devices much thought until I returned to the classroom after a rather conspicuous absence of sixteen years. In my very first class I was assaulted by the most prominent change I had thus far encountered. As the old hour gently slipped away, the new one's approach was heralded by a barrage of beeps, pings, dings, and one alarming siren sound. Incredibly, these sounds were emanating from my classmates' wrists.

As the days have passed, I have become used to this melodious welcome sent forth for each new hour. Now I am only amazed at what magnificent time pieces they truly are. As the hour descends on us, they all come on in unison. I'm quite certain these people don't synchronize their watches, although I supposed there could be a club. I have a friend who said he watched TV on New Year's Eve so he could set his watch at the precise time the ball was dropped on Madison Square Garden. I had a rather frightening vision of the future. Will we someday gather around Rockin' New Year's Eve with an aging Dick Clark? Will we wait expectantly for that magic second that transports us into the new year? And when that perfect second arrives, will we all press our collective buttons, arming our Casio's for a year of perfect pings? Even if we do devise a system that keeps them coming on in perfect unison, there is no guarantee they will go off in perfect unity. Occasionally, one becomes truculent. Instead of two beeps it demands twenty or more. I was witness to the sight of one frantic young man trying to beat his watch back into submission, after it had developed a life of its own.

These watches don't bother me so much as they puzzle me. I find myself wondering who would want to count the hours as they pass us by. When I was nineteen I was never very concerned with time. I had friends who lost whole days, even weeks. They were never overbothered. I, myself, mislaid the 70's.

I have no trouble at all understanding why these watches were invented. I picture in my mind a kindly Japanese gentleman poring over his vast collection of timepieces. One embodies a calculator right there on his wrist. Now this calculator is the exact same size as your thumbnail. If you attempt to push a button, you press them all, simultaneously. That, of course, is not the point. The point is you have a calculator on your wrist. Then there's the watch that's actually a mini walkie talkie. That one really perplexes me. I supposed you would buy one with a friend and arrange to talk from room to room. I should be careful with that if I were you. Times are not as casual as they once were. If you are seen whispering quietly into your watch, you could find yourself in big trouble. I'd opt for the watch with the mini AM/FM radio myself. For those who get restless, there's the watch that folds out into a robot. If you find yourself disinterested in class, you can actually snap it right off the hand and cavort with it across your desk top.

Let us go back to our Japanese friend. As he gazes mournfully down at these treasures, he thinks there is surely nothing new under the sun. Then it comes to him. I can make it go "ding ding" every hour. So he does. He doesn't do it out of driving ambition. He doesn't do it because anyone in the world actually needs one. He does it for the same reason I paint my toenails in the winter.

cont,

I have no reason to paint my toenails in winter. I never wear open shoes. I put on wooly socks each morning. I have no lover interested in those gleaming glossies. I haven't been bitten on the toe in years. I paint them because my feet are curled softly beneath me as I put on the last coat on my fingernails. I look down. I see them. The brush is in my hand. I stroke on the color because it just seems like the thing to do.

And that is why our friend added the ping to those brilliantly made watches. As to why you went out and bought them, that is another question entirely. I suggest you all report to the Psychology Department. A study should be made.



Phyllis Boger

Usually,
white carpet and bright light
lined the rock-a-baby seashore.
Beached sounds,
sleepy like sheep leaping
dunes, the hooved woolen
gliders landed softly,
combing sand.

Stormy Bob saddled winds
near quiet Garden City.
He hollered near eighty.
His shoreline gallop began.
Townfolks, insomniac,
dreaming horrid dreams
(they'd hear the fellow had no scruples),
hid, doors and Windows boarded,
as the rainslinger
left doors flapping
when he bolted in.

The sands turned concrete;
snowdrifts sifted over streets;
and hungry grat water
upchucked mullet into orbit.
Stilted houses tapdanced on concrete corners,
and fear sent Townfolk soaring
through underwater air.
Bob slaughtered Charleston,
they assumed,
as its piers went floating by.

Inquisitive searchlights
sliced the skyline
like limp spaghetti hung from gray clouds
held by the hand of God.

Predictably,
screams went unheeded,
as den windows spit chippendale on lawns,
and family Bibles scattered relatives randomly.
But morning came as always,
Black Bob no threat.
Dust returned in his wake,
his bullets glancing his black western boots.

Feet soggy on the clear gull-in-the-sky morning,
Townspeople kicked their gaspedals,
prayed thankfully with the chatter
of good-day, happy-day DJs,
and eased quite frantically
into milktoast, everyday,
tumbleweed rolling down Main Street,
routine.

THE RAINSLINGER

Garden City, S.C., August 1985

Greg Tyler



REUNION 2010 (?)

You can hear the people talking and grooving 'bout
the new condo on the moon or how the spouse owns mining
concessions in the asteroid belt while the video machine
pumps out the mouldy oldies from way back in '85 and the
people do dances you still haven't learned so you drift to
the corner while they spin around you in a blur and a babble
'bout the jokes they used to play on you back then, and boy,
weren't the good ol' days a blast?

And you're glad the lights are dim 'cause the clothes
you're wearing are still out of style and you're still
being stereotyped and even if you aren't they still see
you the same way they did so long, long ago in the days when
the world was young and life was so good even though you know
it's just your mind playing tricks when you walk down memory
lane wearing rose-tinted sunglasses: days no better than now only
farther away and events are smaller for the distance.

You get a feeling that only the successful — in their eyes — are
welcome, though the words are unspoken except in their eyes when
they turn away and the silence is louder than the music blaring
softly through the lonely crowd in the wake of a dark light shining
from your heart like an X-ray laser beam slicing off their masks and
you know they have no right, no right to speak of you so quiet they
can't hear each other much less you when they hide in their shadows
of self-deception that cling to them like leeches in the water of a
life that goes on and on way past bedtime 'till sleep approaches
where Death waits patiently for all: step right up, a million ways
to die; no lines, no waiting.

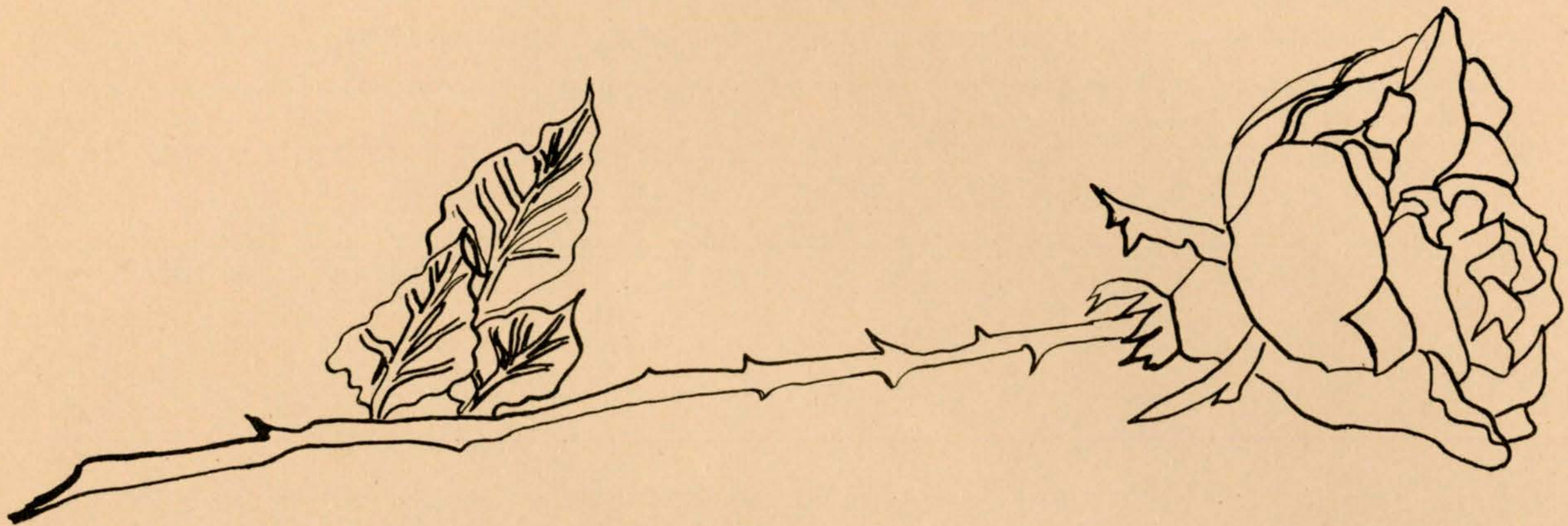
And the memories scream inside you for a way out, wailing of the
chances you missed when the time was ripe for an RSVP from fate but
you can't go back to the future 'cause you came from the past time
for you to leave but you stay on 'cause no one's pushing you to go
beyond the end of time don't fly when you're not having fun in the
Son of God help you now is the time for alumni to come to the aid of
their class is broken and the water is spilt; don't cry: it's not your
fault the earthquake strikes three, you're out of time to watch the
old shows from way back when that you can't stand now though you liked
'em back then but who cares what you think 'cause nobody else bothers
to be or not, but that's not the question, it's Why?

cont.

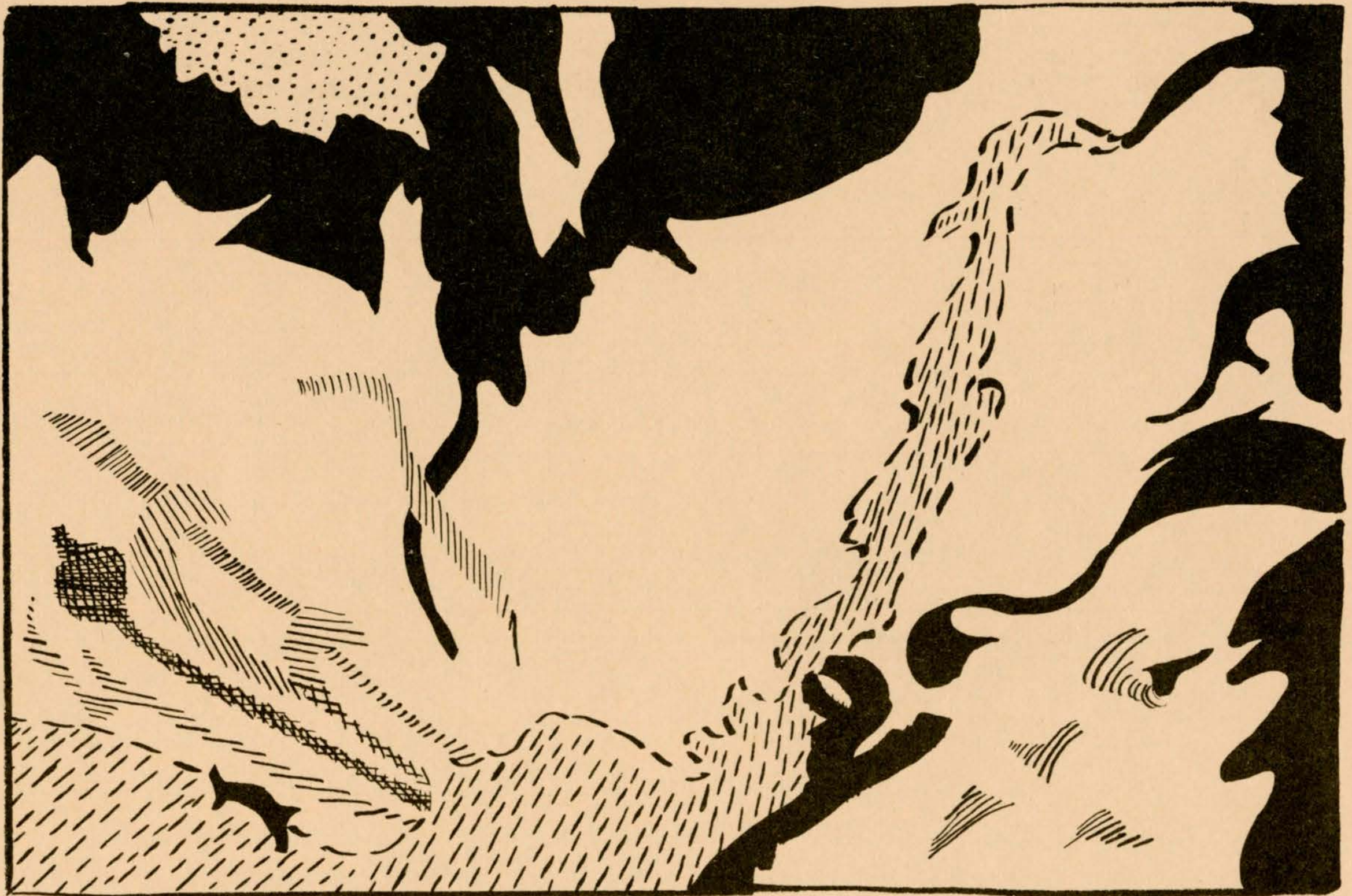
The room begins to spin though it was spinning all along and
everything fades into reality isn't real: just another fairy tale
to calm troubled minds with a false certainty, dreaming of futures
that will never, can never be what you think when you wake from
the trance, no, the dream that you know isn't so because you never
went to high school and the man is looking at you funny 'cause he
don't know what you're really like, and, hey, buddy, are you all right?

Sure, you say. Sure.

Phillip Eby



Theresa Kearney



Theresa Kearney

NOT QUITE WHAT WE EXPECTED

I wrecked my car.
Rolled it over,
slid into a ditch,
scared a few mailboxes,
and smashed a tree.
(Or was it the other
way around?)

When I crawled out
— somewhat shaken —
Death was standing there,
all in grey,
looking bored.
“You’re alive,”
He said.

I was scared
. . . but casual.
“Quite.”
Said I
and made at
brushing glass
off my sleeves.

I risked a glance,
expecting the worst.
But
all he did was
make me hold his scythe,
sneeze,
and complain of being cold.

K.L. (Bugs) Hill

First Place

NATURAL JOURNEY

Dancing on the inner clouds,
Silence takes me . . . not a word.
I follow each ring around,
No sounds are heard.

I can see the civilized society
Lying beneath it all .
So full of uncertainty,
They're so careful not to fall.

Led by complex infatuation
With hope for a better tomorrow,
Following the laws and regulations
While they establish their own sorrow.

They destroy our natural existence,
The true reality of life
Not hidden beneath unreal pretences,
Nature brings radiance and grace to the sight.

All should stop speaking
And take time to watch,
Many extraordinary creatures
Trying vigorously not to get caught.

Some choose to be held in captivity
With authority to direct their way.
They seem to need the security
While others go astray.

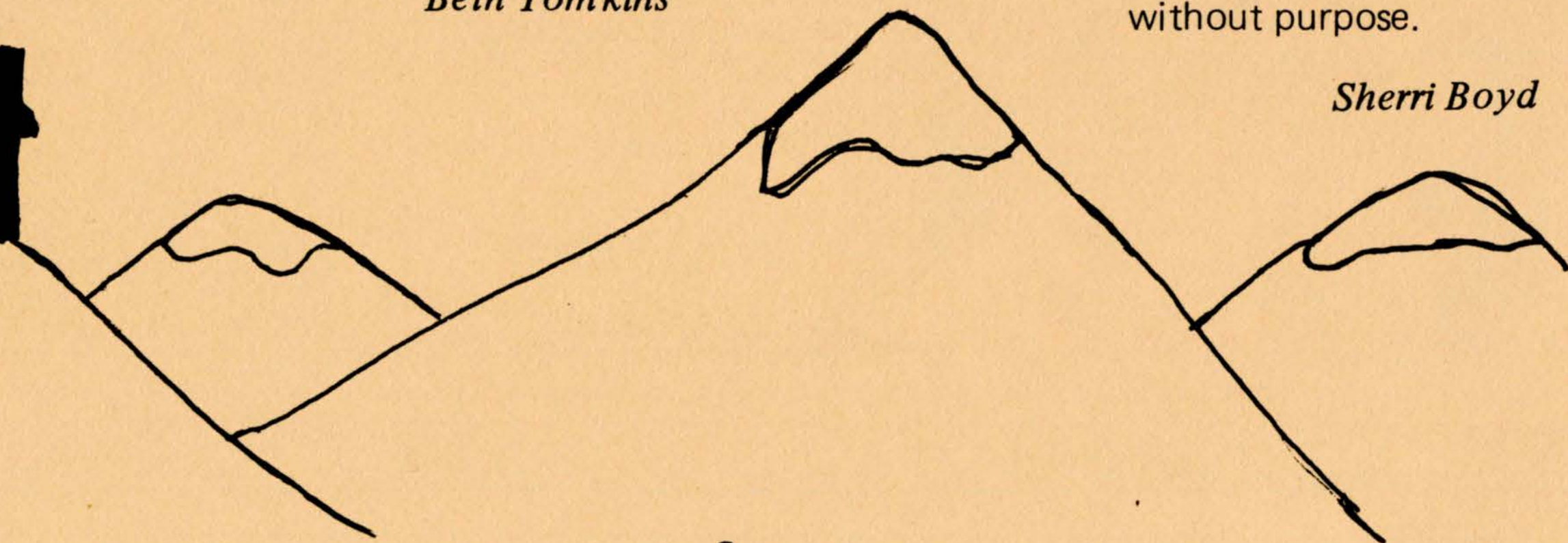
But lucky are the few,
Together with nature each day is brought anew.

Beth Tomkins

TO IONESCO

four plus twenty
equals forty-nine .
William visited
Israel in 1066.
seven times seven
equals twenty-four.
England became
itself in 1948.
the birds eat the
feline domesticus.
Marx said sex
is all there is.
Thoreau yells out
damn you, cooperate.
Freud sings
run to the woods.
the ostrich labels
homeo sapien anatomy.
j. Joyce whispers
i have nothing to express.
s. Beckett pours forth
consciousness non-stop.
Monet holds his
bloody ear.
Van Gogh blurs the
red green flowers.
America holds hostages
in Iranian embassy.
Iran bombs the
Nicaraguan harbor.
the birds weep.
the willows sing.
people march purposely
without purpose.

Sherri Boyd





TRIBUTE TO SEVEN COURAGEOUS AMERICANS

America lives in you.
A promise of adventure
As a new frontier unfolds.
A hope; an undaunted
hunger for more . . .
more of America.

America lives in you.
You who pre-empt danger
for knowledge,
for a dream to share.
A dream that IS America.

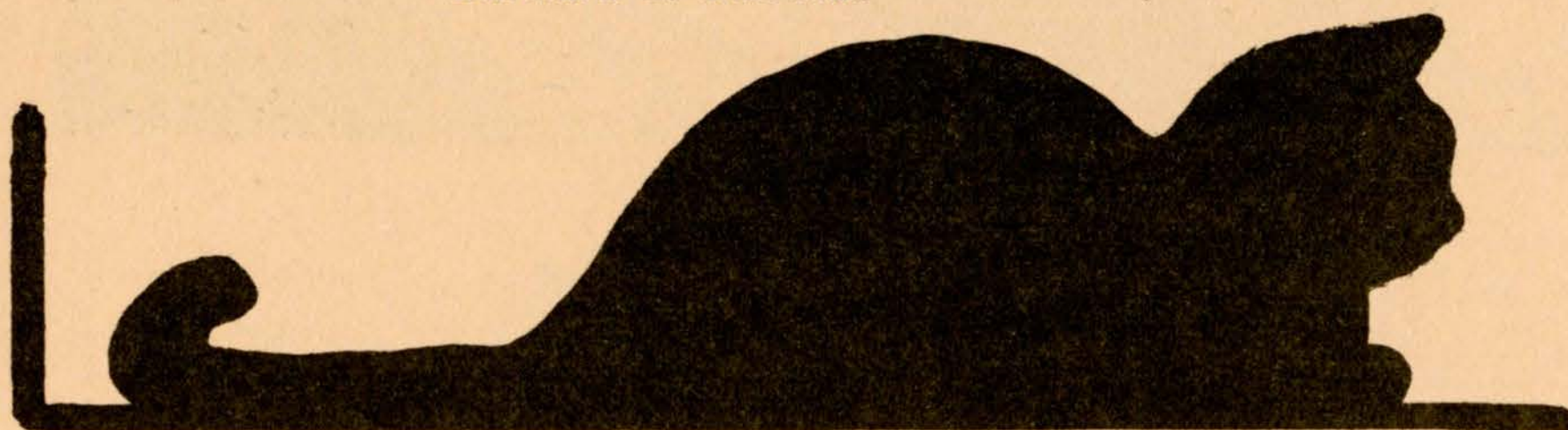
America lives in you,
As you surprise us all
with a change in destination
from a new frontier
to one of old,
Perhaps, the most elusive
frontier of all.

And though you cannot
return to us to share
the great explorations
that must be yours
right now,
America still lives in you.

(and God knows
you live in each
of us,
for you are
America.)

(future teacher)

Barbara C. Thomas



DOMINICA: LIFE ONE

Three moons in the sky
One high, two low
And side by side.
And Min, she steps
— Cold feet on cold ground —
And the shiny death
Bears down.
I scream. She jumps
And the scythe falls short.
On she walks,
A miracle.

K.L. (Bugs) Hill

MOTIVATIONS

Engraved silver sits shining
developing tarnish,
loving the shame.

Tall candles wait —
gather dust —
anticipating holidays
needing a flame
to live,
then burn away.

Greg Tyler

The sky is made of
silk, but full of holes,
like a wornout
sock on a shelf in
heaven.

Kevin Ferguson

HOMER BARRON IN HIS FINEST HOUR

Paul Bradford Orr

Detective Log: Jefferson, Miss., June 28, 1928

(This diary was found the day after Miss Emily was buried. Nothing here can be assumed the truth or otherwise. Just the clear thinking of a slightly mad mind, writing merrily away. We, the lawmen of Jefferson, give our respect to Miss Emily Grierson. She was a fine woman. Reprinted here is the passage that brings to light Homer Barron's departure from our fine town.)

Dear Diary, (and Daddy too, of course!)

Late on Sept. 12, 1895

Lordy! Today has been one fascinating, exhilarating, yet terribly exhausting day! Homer is such a sweet man. I love him so! He has been dropping hints as of late about marriage. I have been quite receptive, I might add. Why last night, when he dropped me off, I embraced him for quite a long while. It was as if all passage of time had been suspended. I felt as an angel would, soaring through heaven's gates!! This morning I bounced out of my elegant, four-poster bed, went dashing down the stairs, whistling gay tunes all the way. Tonight is going to be the night he asks for my hand. I know it is! This morning I am going to pick up the toiletries I ordered for him and make arrangements for a nice, quiet evening here ALONE. Just me and Homer, and a candle-lit table for two. Quite romantic, wouldn't you say, Daddy? As I bustled around town doing some last minute shopping, I waltzed into Barron Construction's temporary office. I left word for Homer to call for me at seven o'clock. I attended to some other details around town. I stopped by the paper boy's house to pay my bill. I engaged in some chit-chat at City Hall, and went to the druggists'. I have been having problems with rats in my cellar. (Daddy jokes with me that I also have bats in the attic.) Homer said to buy something strong; then they will never be back. He is such a thoughtful man. I love him so. Homer arrived promptly at seven o'clock. He had a bottle of wine with him. What a loving, caring man. I just know I have to spend the rest of my life with him. We had a delightful dinner and conversed humorously. Homer is such a charmer. He really knows how to treat a lady! Then at last, before dessert, yet after our first carafe of wine (Rothschild '52, I might add). Homer proposed. I was overwhelmed! (Or so I seemed to be, for dear Homer's sake.) I quickly accepted. Homer then mentioned that I must be noticing that his sidewalk work was drawing to a conclusion. He brought up the absurd notion that we would head up to his land in Ohio to get married and settle down. I was for the moment, speechless. My well-laid plans were going haywire. I quickly excused myself and ran for my upstairs sitting room.

I love Homer Barron undyingly, but I love my southern surroundings ever so slightly more. What am I to do? I sat in my sitting room pondering this new, unexpected change of events. We (Homer and I) were to settle here! (Daddy had stressed that to me.) I cannot lose this man. He does truly love me; maybe if I can convince him to stay over tonight, he will re-consider moving to Ohio. I love Homer Barron so, but my roots are here in Jefferson. Daddy is here. I could never leave Daddy. He would not approve of me abandoning the Grierson plot. Still sitting, with my logical mind dashing back and forth, much like that of a waterbug on a lazy farm pond, I came up with the perfect answer! I will put Homer to rest, right here in my bedroom! I will have him forever and not disappoint Daddy. I happened to glance over at my bureau and in the reflection of the mirror, the solution rushed over me.

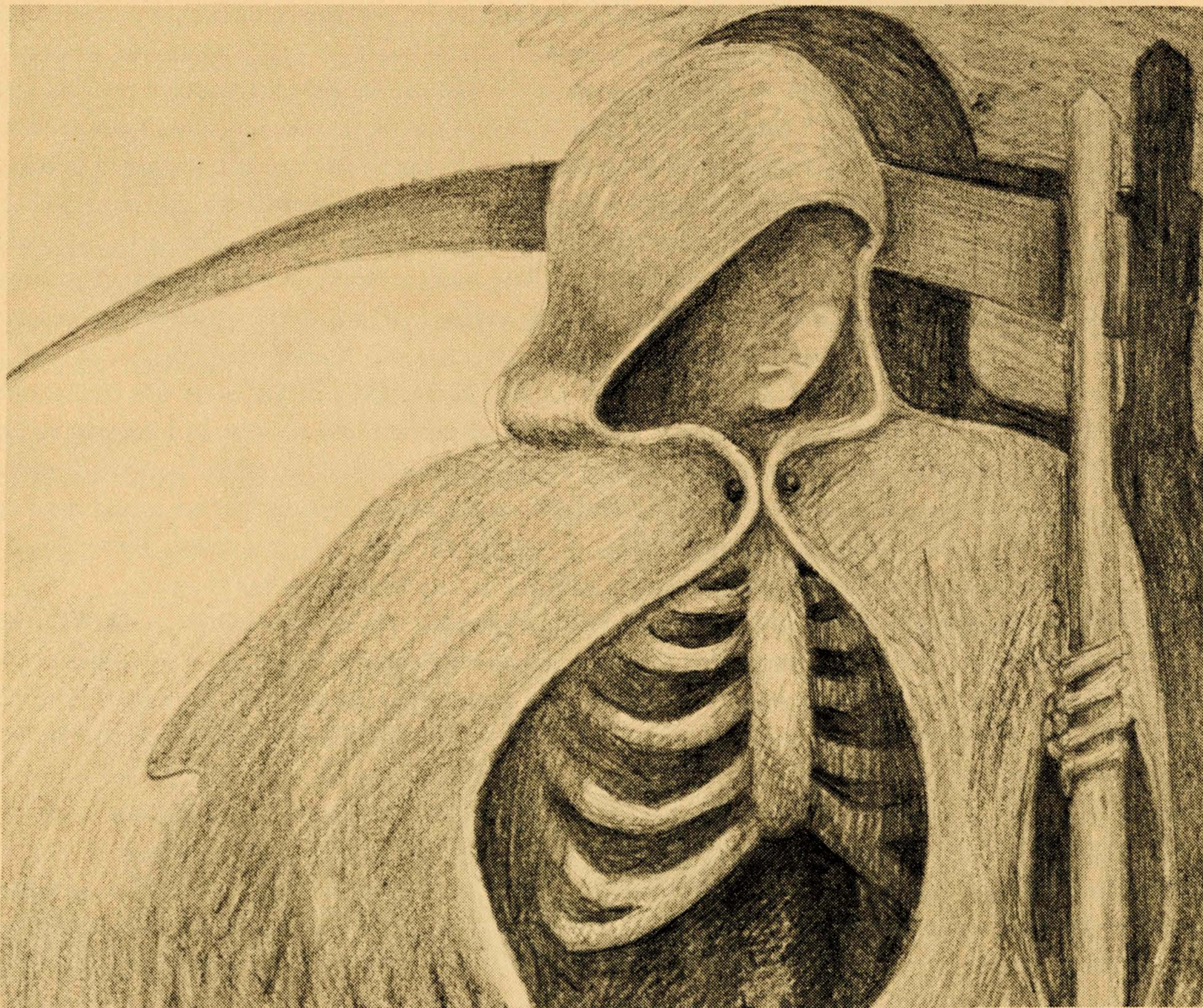
cont.

Directly beside the shiny, sparkly, silver toilet set that was my gift to Homer, sat the small package of poison, meant for my basement rats. Why, if I use a mere spoonful on Homer, there will be plenty remaining to kill off the rodents. Homer was so thoughtful to suggest such a powerful toxin! I love him so! I quickly dumped two thimbles of "Rodent Remover" into the after shave tonic. Fifteen or twenty minutes had now passed since I had run out of the dining room, or had it? I must have only imagined the passing of time; my dresser clock had not moved. I straightened myself up, holding my head high and walked down to invite Homer up to share my love . . .

(Detective log: We all realize Miss Emily's daddy passed away years ago, following is her Sept. 14, 1895 diary entry.)

Dear Diary,

I am going to miss Homer deeply. I believe it to be quite unfortunate that Homer needed to return to Ohio. The entire town consoles me. They call him a drinker, a womanizer, a no good yankee. I know better. Homer was a kind soul. He cared a great deal about me. Why I can see it in his eyes, even now as I chat with him



THE JUGGLER'S DEATH

White-faced and calm he moves his empty hands
His head held high and proud in morning air
He seems to use imaginary balls
And on this silent corner here, he stands
Hardly moving, yet his hands still fly
As he awaits the dawning of the light.

His face, a lantern lit by some new light,
A thousand years of practice move his hands
And hwn e they move he makes your spirits fly
(But why is there a coldness in the air?)
For love and not for money, here he stands:
And now, for one last cheer, to throw the balls.

And so from out of nowhere come the balls,
Glowing, shining with unearthly light
And calmly, so serenely here he stands
With skill so great he hardly moves his hands
(Yet balls leave brilliant streaks behind in air)
As he makes you believe a man can fly.

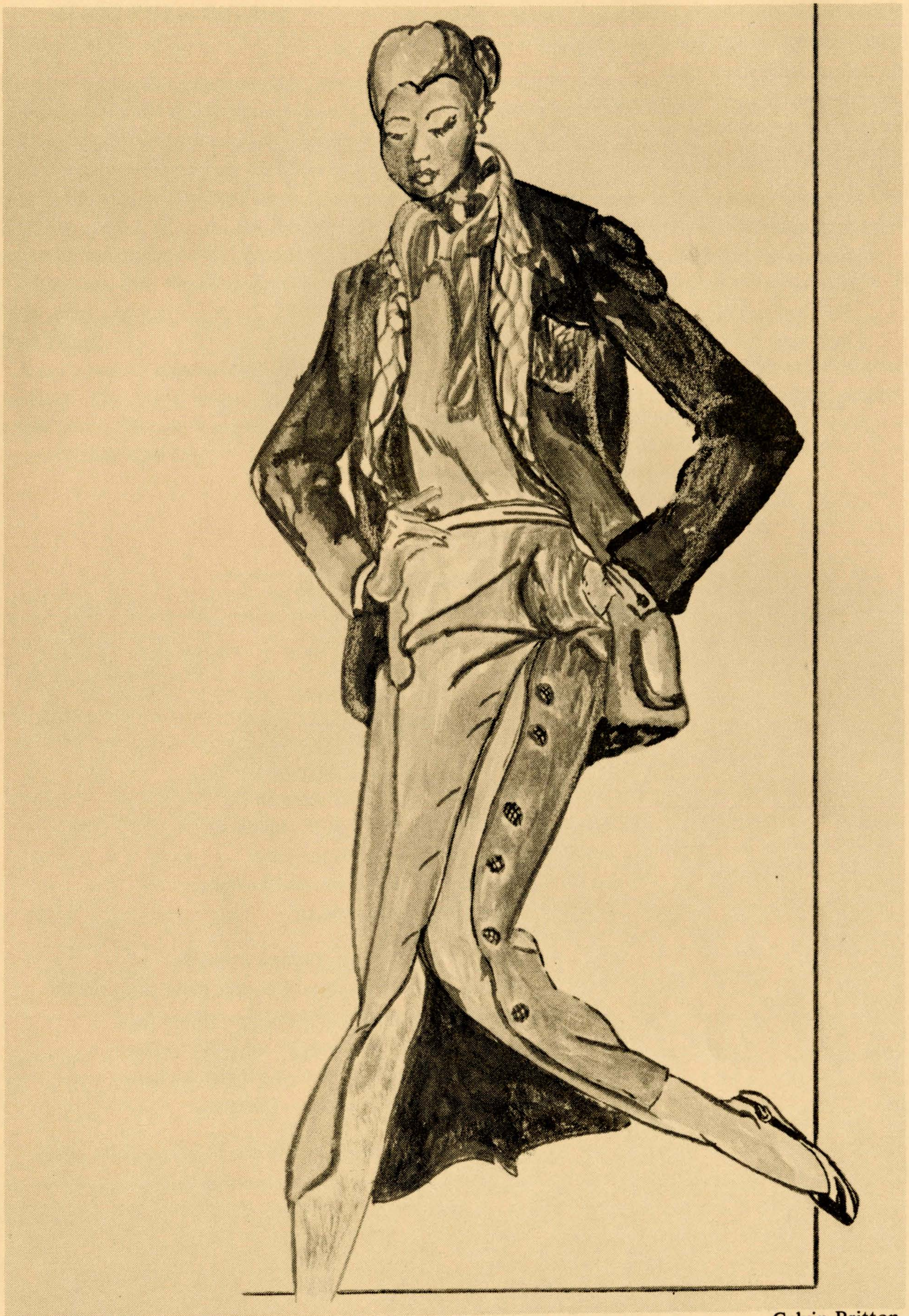
And in a sideways figure eight they fly,
Infinity, made real by flying balls
Weaving mystic symbols in the air.
Eyes filled with wonder, bringing light;
He shifts the complex patterns of his hands
And the corner seems to shimmer where he stands.

With habits made first nature, there he stands;
Through his perfection troubles seem to fly,
All waved away with gestures of the hands
And his hypnotic motions with the balls
As through his skill he makes you see the light:
A dozen ideas flying through the air.

But now there is that coldness in the air
That comes when all strong people make their stands . . .
When they profess their fondness for the light
They all must sometimes be prepared to fly
Taking refuge in the One who made the balls
And then forever resting in Its hands.

Hands wave guns and shots sing dirges in the air,
As now the balls for one last time will fly
Where he stands waiting for the dawning of the light.

Phillip Eby



Calvin Britton

THE POND

Judy Jacobs

After discovering the pond, there was no staying away. My father, who ruled with an iron hand, had threatened to beat me within an inch of my life if he caught me crossing the highway again, so I was delighted to learn there was another route. I was a very determined child, which kept me in trouble most of the time, and this determination to go back to the pond led me to my secret passageway.

The passageway was an underpass about four feet in diameter and constructed of concrete, running under the four lane highway. It must have been storm drainage piping because it usually had water in the bottom of it that I had to carefully dodge. I didn't dare go home wet. The damp, dark tunnel was frightening to me, but the path that would take me deep into the woods to my "haven" was at the other end.

The pond held a very special appeal for me. My less than happy home life, and all the ugliness of the world was left behind. It was so quiet and peaceful and soothing. This is where I escaped when I was angry or upset or when I just wanted to be alone. This is where I did my dreaming. This is where I talked to God. This is where I learned to appreciate nature.

In the springtime, I looked about me in awe. Wildflowers were abundant. The scent of honeysuckle nectar filled the air. I could conceal myself, by lying in the tall weeds, and squirrels and rabbits would leave their hiding places and scurry about. Cardinals, with their brilliant red plumage and prominent crests, chattered to their mates. Blue jays, with their hauteur manner, refused to take unoccupied branches, encroaching instead. This caused an inharmonious combination of sounds, much like an amateur screeching on a violin. The cardinal yields; the blue jay stands his ground, preening his feathers with pride. While the blue jay is preening and enjoying his victory, the cardinal is chattering happily with his mate and stripping a chinquapin bush of its luscious tasting nuts. I often wondered which was truly the victor.

On hot summer days, I would sit for hours and watch the animals and read a good book. It was after a summer rain that it was especially peaceful. The frogs would croak, and the fish would surface, snatching the insects, washed from the bushes, by the raindrops.

In the fall, the trees were chameleons, changing colors before my eyes. Lying in the grass and looking at the treetops, my eyes would catch a cloud. I would ride that cloud and find myself in foreign lands. I could be a Spanish dancer, or an Egyptian princess. I could go anywhere or be anything. I wished, until the sound of a truck horn, in the distance, brought me back to earth, with a jolt.

The winters brought invaders to my private little world. The frozen pond was now a skating rink. The kids came in droves, with their tin cans, tucked under their arms. The cans would be crushed and molded to their shoes for skates.

One cold Saturday morning, I joined the horde of skaters. They were laughing and yelling and having a wonderful time. It didn't take me long to realize I was not feeling the same exhilaration. I sat down on the ground, and pulled my skates off and looked around me. The creatures that I had come to love, were nowhere in sight. The solitude was gone. My "haven" had turned into a playground. I felt almost irreverent. I had begun to think of this place as a sanctuary, belonging to God,

to nature, and to me. It was sad to see the turmoil around me. Would it ever hold the same meaning for me again?

I couldn't go back to the pond that winter, but I was counting the sunsets. Spring would come again, and I knew, without a doubt, that I would be there to see the first new sprig of grass breaking the soil. Just as springtime renews, I would renew my acquaintance with God and nature, at the pond.

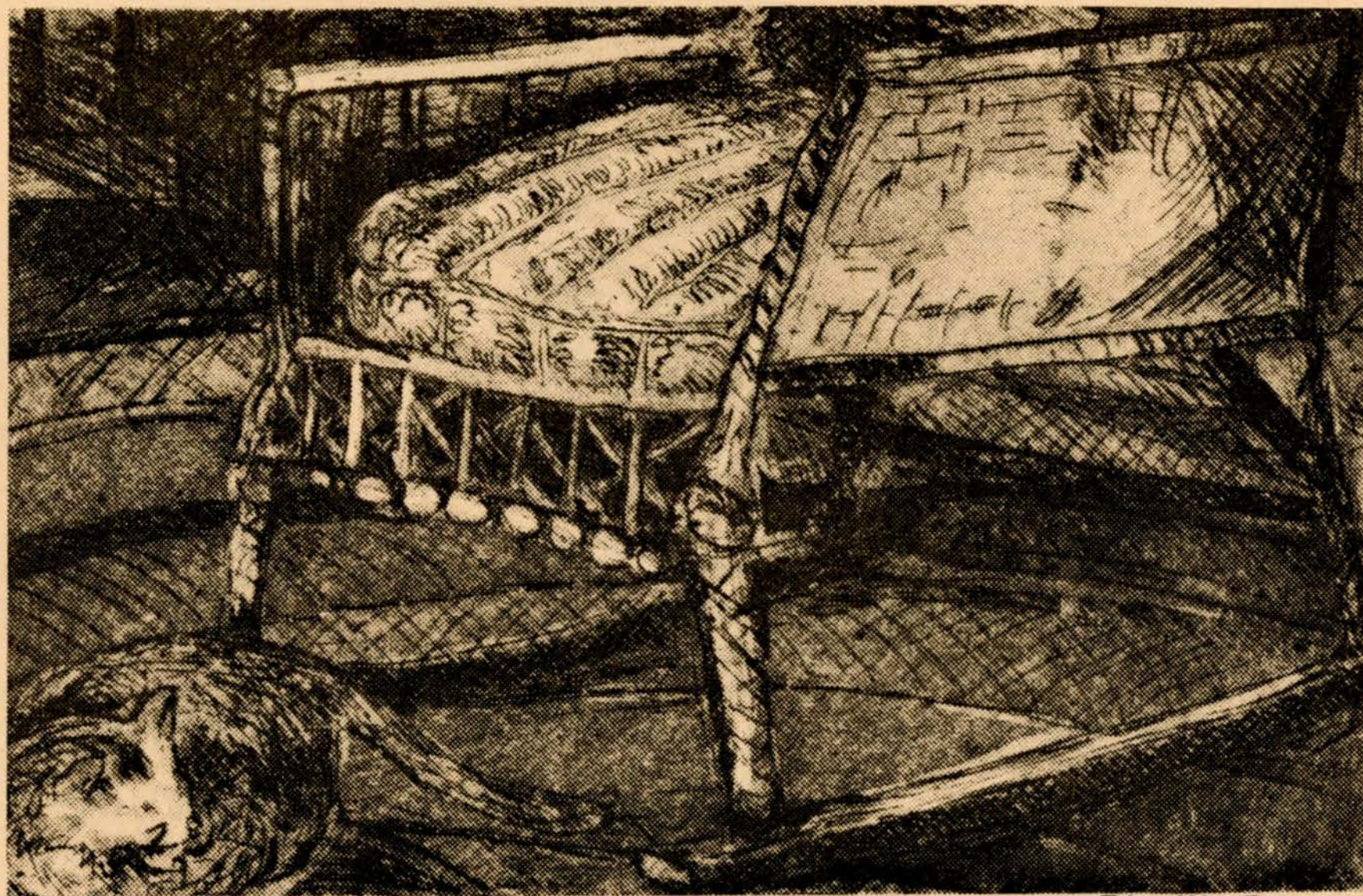
COMMUNICATION

Communication is the
Key
To Relation;
If we don't
Communicate,
We don't
Relate.

El Rio del Tiempo
Corre pronto con quietud
Elimina todos dolores.

The muted River
Slithers Silently
Through its
Earthen valley
Toward Tempest
Or Tranquillity.

Lindsey Inman



Phyllis Boger

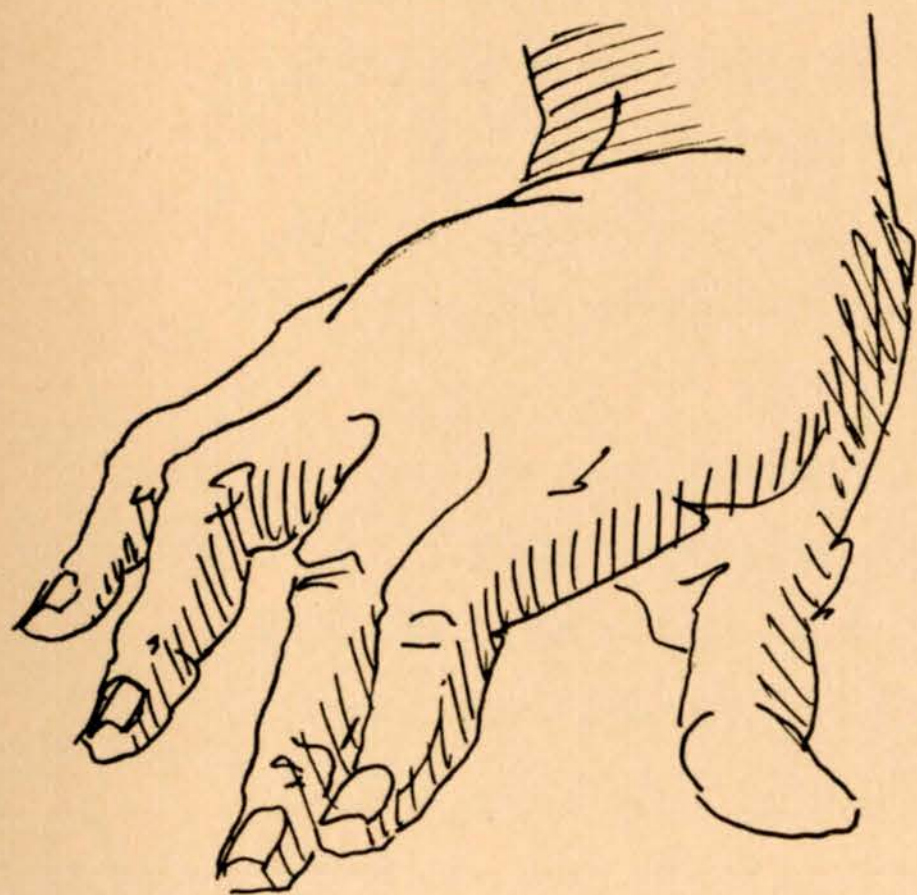
To Life — the reality of creation:
birth, death, and God and the preferred
consumation of each entity within.

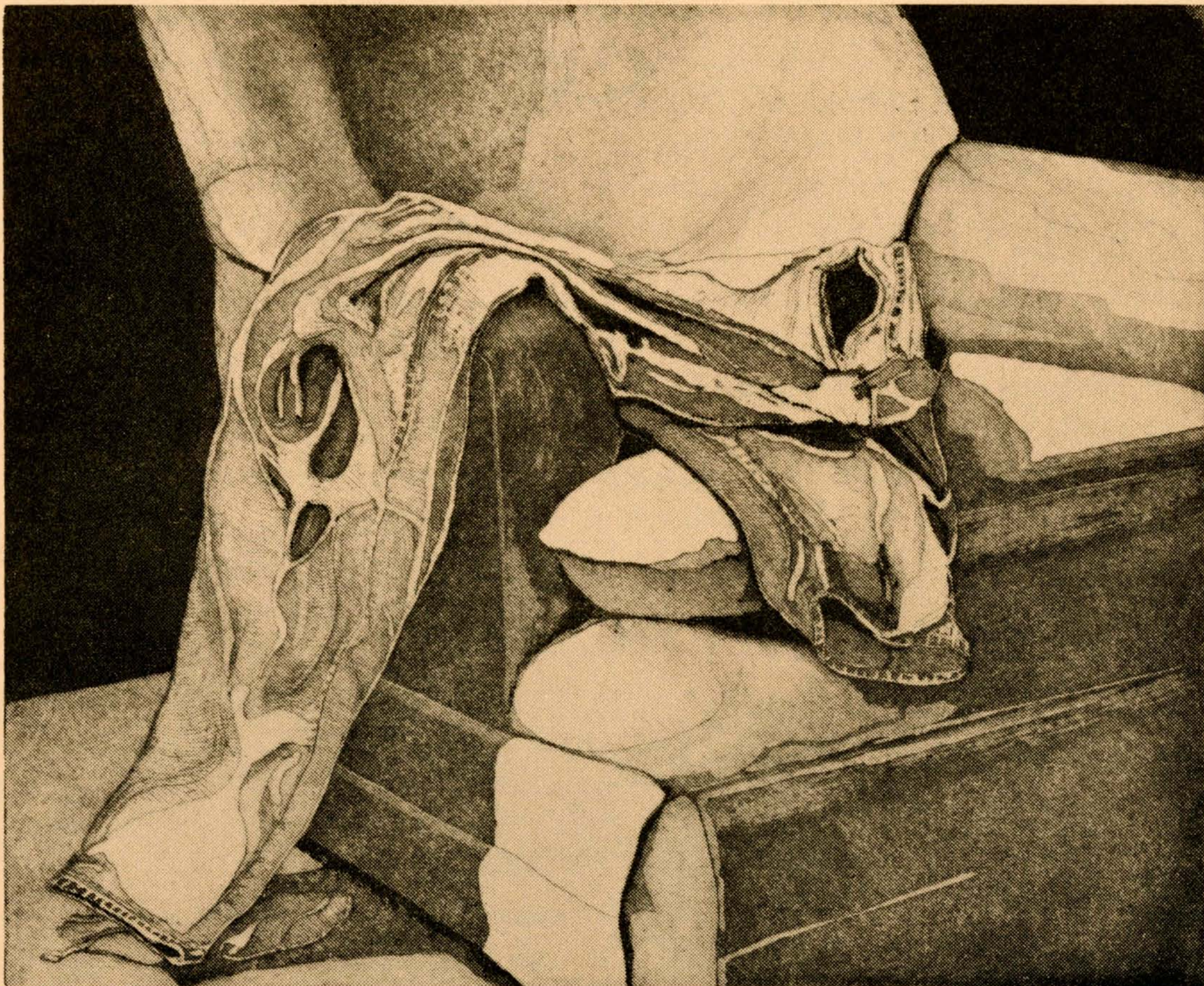
Is man born of dust only to return?
while life wings by in spurious purity
and God omniscient ponders creation.

From the depth of darkness man arises in
screaming agony, returning thus but
for the compassion of God omnipotent,
metamorphosed into silver winged escape.

And in triumphant "hallo!" man, freed from
terrestrial interment, glories in transfiguration
toward God omnipresent still pondering
creation.

Thomas David Wilkie





Ode To Levi Strauss

James T. Jones

they stand
 (anxiety personified)
 reaching
 skyward
 yet searching
 for life
 in sandy darkness
 their edges
 (once dancing
 to an absurd waltz)
 frozen, midway
 undecided.
 do pine trees
 sleep at night?

Sherri Boyd

I am afraid to touch
 my
 dream.

I have
 runaway
 and hid
 and stomped
 and screamed.

Pretend
 a million
 things were
 wrong
 when really
 only one
 and I feel like I'm
 being squeezed.

Kevin Ferguson

JANITOR

Alan Parham

Stan Betsky was a philosopher by vocation, but he worked as a janitor at Parker City College. Parker City was in the middle of a large southern city but had retained a rural atmosphere. It was a pleasant place to work and Stan did not mind his job.

Stan had once been a student at Parker City shortly after World War II, when he emigrated to America. He immediately enrolled in college, but his studies were interrupted by the pregnancy of his girlfriend in his junior year. He did the "honorable" thing and married Lela Barnes, despite her father's strenuous objection to the union of a Catholic Pole and his Anglo-American Protestant daughter.

Stan lost his delicate wife after a miscarriage, and he forever turned his back on marriage and God. But he continued to study philosophy, especially delighting in Sartre's ideas. He was content to work as a janitor at Parker City. It had been forgotten over the years that he had ever been a student there and he embraced the anonymity. He did his job and took a bus home every night where he fixed a simple supper and devoured his precious philosophy books. He treated the faculty with respect and courtesy but never made any friends. He was indeed lonely but the need to be alone was paramount for him so he accepted the loneliness.

One day in January of 1982, a new teacher joined the faculty of Parker City. Dr. Joseph Cameron was a philosophy teacher and a devout Catholic. Joseph was single and very young. He once studied to be a priest but never sought ordination because he came to love philosophy so much that he wanted to spend his life teaching it.

One wet, foggy evening in early February, Stan was making his rounds, collecting trash in the faculty offices. As he turned the key to Dr. Cameron's office, he realized too late that Joseph was working late. Stan turned to go, saying, "Sorry to disturb you, Dr. Cameron. I'll return later." But Joseph needed a break as he had been composing on the typewriter for hours.

"Come on in. Have a cup of coffee," Joseph said and smiled.

Stan hesitated, but then surprised himself by sitting down! As Joseph heated the water, he began to talk of the book he was writing. Stan offered an objection to Joseph's thesis and told him why. Thus, over coffee, they talked for twenty minutes of their common love of philosophy. Finally, Stan realized that he had to return to work.

Joseph said in closing, "Hey, Stan, Let's go out for a beer some time and talk some more."

As Stan continued working that night he was in awe of the possibility of friendship, of the chance to actually share his philosophical ideas with another. When he got home that evening, he knelt by the bed and actually allowed himself to pray.

The months passed and Joseph complained of being too busy but wanted to get together with Stan as soon as possible. Finally, it was the end of March. The weather was windy and moderately cool with lots of rain.

One rainy night, Joseph stopped Stan in the hall and said, "I've been looking all over for you!"

Stan was overjoyed. Finally, they would have their talk. Possibly a friendship would blossom. Stan had developed a great liking for this young philosopher. Perhaps Joseph could even convince him to return to the Church.

Stan smiled broadly and Joseph continued, "I finally tracked you down! I was so afraid I'd miss you before spring break. My office carpet is in *desperate* need of cleaning. Could you give it a good shampoo over spring break? I'm going to Colorado for a ski trip. Thank God, I found you! I'll see you when I get back. It's *so* good to have friends like you!"

Joseph walked down the hall, then turned and said, "Oh, I almost forgot! Would you clean my windows while I'm gone, too?" He winked and waved good-bye as he went out the door.

Stan stared after Joseph as he left the building. Then Stan walked to the closest empty classroom, closed the door, sat down at a desk, and for the first time in many years, he cried. The storm outside seemed to get worse.



Snake In The Closet

Phillip Eby

PEOPLE

Passing quickly
Quiet
Closed frightened hearts
Shaking from vulnerability.
Loneliness crushing in
Silent agony
As hope swells,
But dies
From lack of
Communication.
(Words, words everywhere
But not a sound to hear.)
Emotion thoughts
Disguised
In daily jabber
Wishing someone
Would hear
And free from
Hell,
Yet never
Understood.

Lindsey Inman

We are the actors,
the sound,
the stage,
the light.

We are our own applause.

Kevin Ferguson

MATRIARCHAL STRATEGY

Late in the evening,
we the children innocent with sleep,
after the ice cubes had marched about
adult held tumblers,
Mother made her rounds
through the barrack bedrooms filled with dreams.

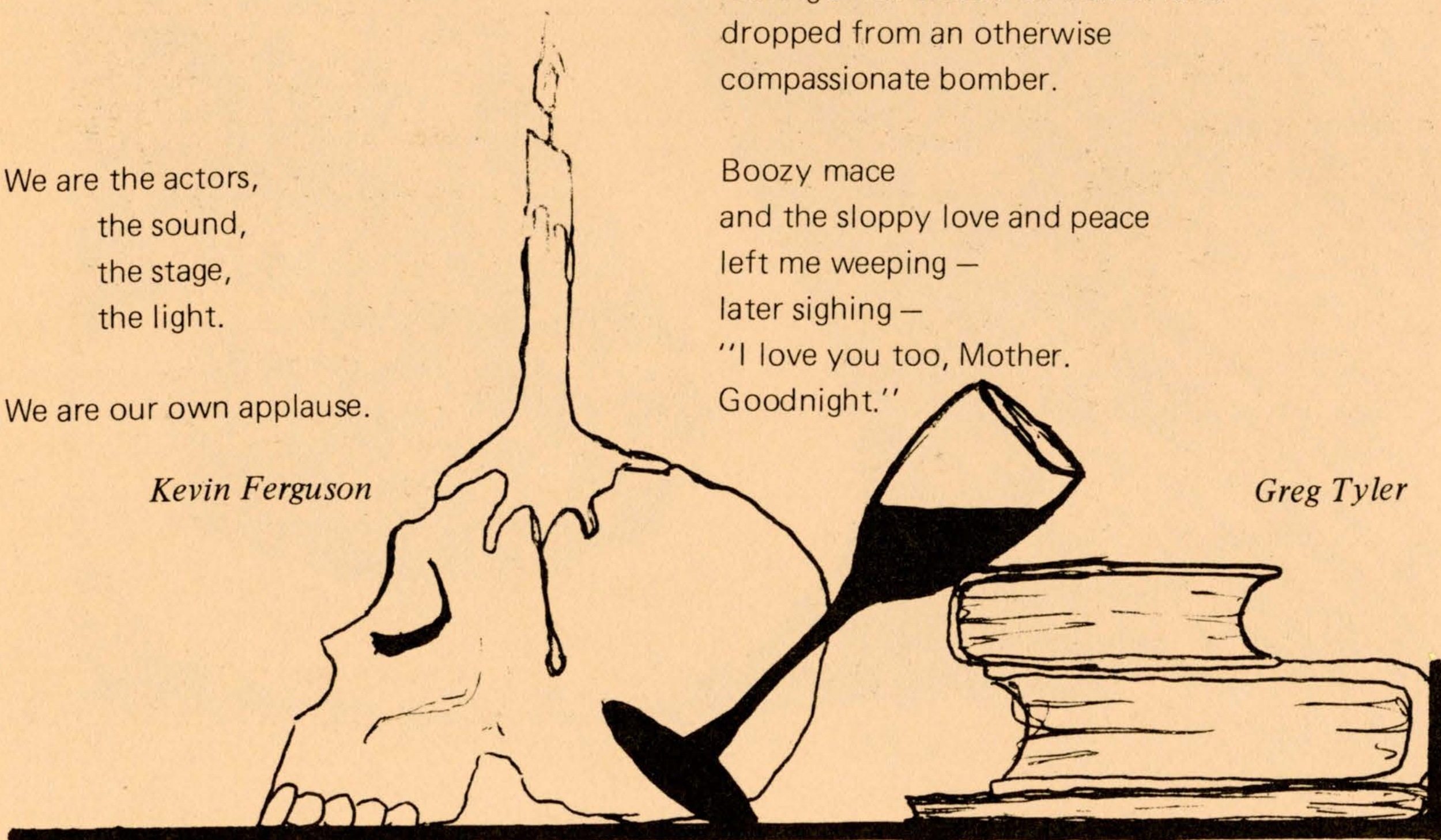
With a whispered command she woke me
as the ends of her hair sparked
breathing booze over my resting, exploding face.

Feeling a porcupine
trapped in my blanket warmed foxhole,
I heard her growling pathetic prayers,
laced with bourbon,
resembling a habitual defense
against an unknown attack
sure to come.

Then her blasting kisses started
suffocating my face —
a huge growing mushroom cloud
over a tiny city.
Tiny kiss bombs landed
leaving small craters on barren land
dropped from an otherwise
compassionate bomber.

Boozy mace
and the sloppy love and peace
left me weeping —
later sighing —
"I love you too, Mother.
Goodnight."

Greg Tyler



THE MINNOW

James Polly

The sun had just peeked over the horizon as Wayne Stalvey, Bob Johnson and I headed out of the inlet into the open waters of the Atlantic. What a great day it was going to be. The ocean was calm, the sky was clear and we hoped the fish would bite.

Bob and I started rigging our lines and got ready to troll as we approached the ten mile reef. "Sure hope the Spanish mackerel are hitting," I said as I started letting my line out for our first pass by the buoy marking the reef.

We had just put our rods in the holders and settled back in our seats when Bob's rod had a sudden bend in it. "Got one!" he shouted as he sprang from his seat.

"Me too," I said as I glanced over at my rod with that familiar bend in it. I had just removed my rod from the holder and had begun to reel in my fish when there was a tremendous splash at the end of Bob's line where his mackerel had been skimming on the surface heading to the boat. Z-z-z-z-z Bob's reel began to sing as the line was being stripped off. "I don't think I can hold this baby on this light outfit," Bob said as I lifted my two pound mackerel into the boat and put him in the cooler.

"Take your time; I've got mine out of the way," I said trying to encourage him.

"I'm doing the best I can," Bob said as his rod bent into a larger arc when the fish made another run. Suddenly his line went limp and the fight was over.

"This outfit is a little too small for a fish that size," he said as he settled back in his seat to rig for another pass.

Four more passes by the buoy yielded four more fish and I was sure we were going to have a great day. As suddenly as they had started hitting though, the fish stopped. Six more passes and not even a strike. "Reel them in boys," Wayne said as he was getting his navigational chart from the glove box, "We're going to the Pawley's reef."

"You want to fish and let me drive," I said to Wayne as we approached the Pawley's reef.

"You go ahead and put the lines out and I'll fish if we start catching them again," Wayne said.

"Look at that!" I exclaimed as I pointed to three huge fish swimming around the buoy.

"What are they?" Bob asked as we quickly let the lines out to make our first pass.

"I think they're cobia," I said as we settled into our seats.

"Got another Spanish," I said as I sprang from my seat to reel him in. I was bubbling over with excitement as my fish began to skim on the surface. Suddenly, my heart almost leaped into my throat as a dark shadow shot from beneath the buoy and headed straight for my mackerel. The water exploded with a tremendous splash as my rod was almost ripped from my hands. "I've got him!" I yelled as my rod bent into a tremendous arch.

"I've already got mine in the boat!" Bob said excitedly as he ran to my side of the boat just in time to see the huge fish make a big swirl in the water and z-z-z-z-z-z-z my reel screamed as the monster headed for Davy Jones' locker.

"I believe I can hold him on this rig if he doesn't take all my line," I said as my reel became quiet and I started to reel in some line. I had hardly spoken these words when the reel sprang into action once more.

cont.

The battle continued for 20 minutes before we saw him again. "There he is," I said as the fish saw us and headed off on another run.

"It's going to be a few more minutes," I said as the fish continued to strip line from my reel on what I hoped would be his final long run.

After ten more minutes of struggle the fish began to weaken. "I think we got him now guys," I said as I began to reel him in. When I finally got him up to the boat he was so tired he couldn't make any more runs.

Handing the rod to Bob, I took the gaff and leaned over the side of the boat and stuck the fish just behind the head.

"Wayne, will you cut the engine off and come help me lift this amberjack into the boat?" I asked.

"I thought you had a cobia," Wayne said as he turned off the motor.

"Me, too, until I saw him just now," I answered.

"What do you think he will weigh?" Wayne asked as he helped me lift him into the boat.

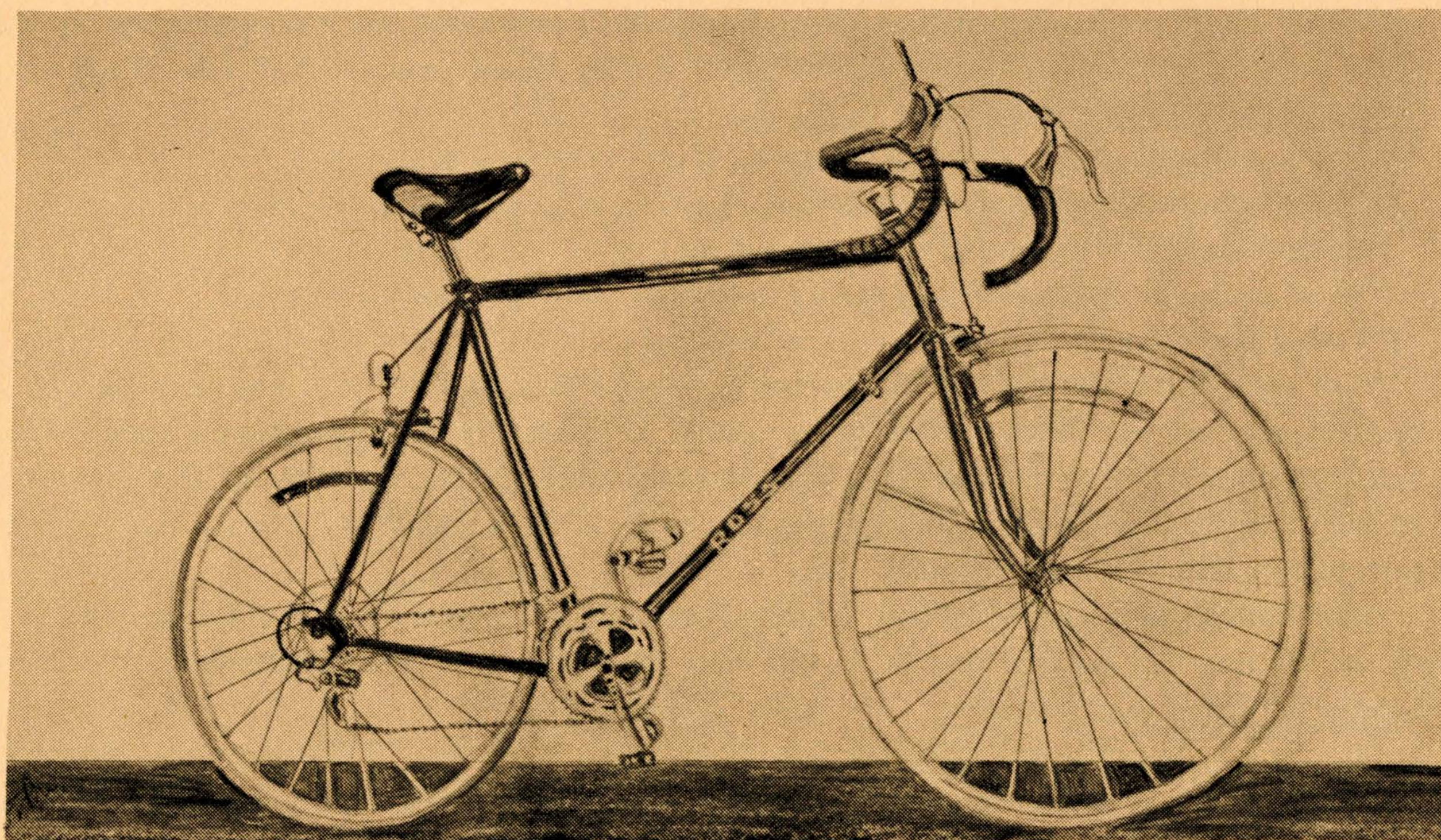
"About 45 to 50 pounds," was my reply as we slid the monster into the cooler.

"It's your turn to fish," I said to Wayne as I settled back into the seat with a broad smile on my face.

Five more passes by the buoy resulted in six more Spanish, but as suddenly as the fish had stopped biting at the ten mile reef, they stopped here also. Seven more trips by the buoy and not even a strike. "What are we going to do guys?" I asked.

"Let's go in," Wayne said.

When we arrived at the marina, we borrowed a set of scales and weighed our minnow: 52 pounds of pure fight!



Ella Woodbury

THOUGHTS OF CHRISTMAS

Red and green ornaments on city street lights —
Eighty degrees.
Carols playing on radios in cars
Salted with sand.

A week ago we came to school in cotton summer clothes,
And today —

Metal zippers on heavy winter coats clang against wooden desks.
We slip and fall on wet pine needles carpeting the earth.

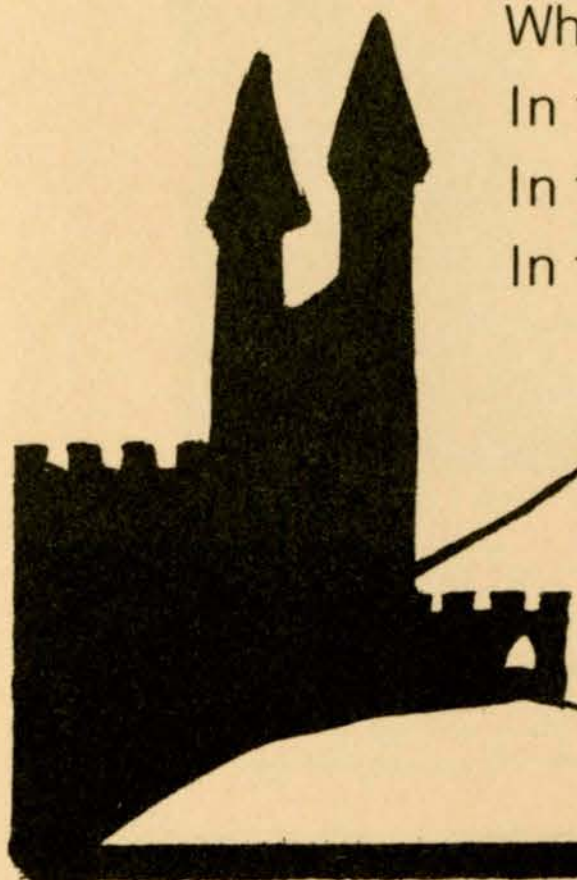
Today —
Nature has blushed our cheeks and chattered our teeth,
And has invited the child in me to come out and play.

Suddenly —
It's three more weeks 'til Christmas,
And everyone talks of sliding down white cotton slopes,
And chatting by crackling fires with friends in big country homes.

But I have no presents wrapping or ornaments dangling —
I'm dangling on grades between A's and B's or C's and D's.
No mistletoe do I stand under, carried away by candy-cane kisses,
But under pressure am I to meet deadlines on papers.
Not over a green tree am I draping silver tinsel,
But I'm overdue and overwhelmed by all the work I have to do.

I'm not in a sleigh singing carols and laughing in the wind,
But in the building with lots of books —
Rewriting, researching, reorganizing, and redoing
(With few rewards).

While my heart is elsewhere stirring —
In the steam of a cup of hot chocolate,
In the crackle of a new-born fire,
In the crystals of snow on mountain peaks.



cont.

Today —
Stepping out of the building with lots of books
(Where no mistletoe hangs over red-papered doors),
The wind whistles and blows on my face,
And stirs up forgotten pine needles,
Reawakening slumbering autumn leaves,
Reawakening my soul to the season.

The only lights shine from the little squares of windows on campus
Where the night classes are held.

A carol somewhere plays.
A green and red ornament shines through the trees.
A light cool drizzly rain falls (I had hoped would turn to snow),

My arms are heavy with books,
My mind is boggled with "knowledge".

And I wonder —

How Mary felt on that star-filled night when she bore a son named Jesus.

And I think —

Today — sometime between when we were laughing and class was over —
I fell in love with you.

And I wish —

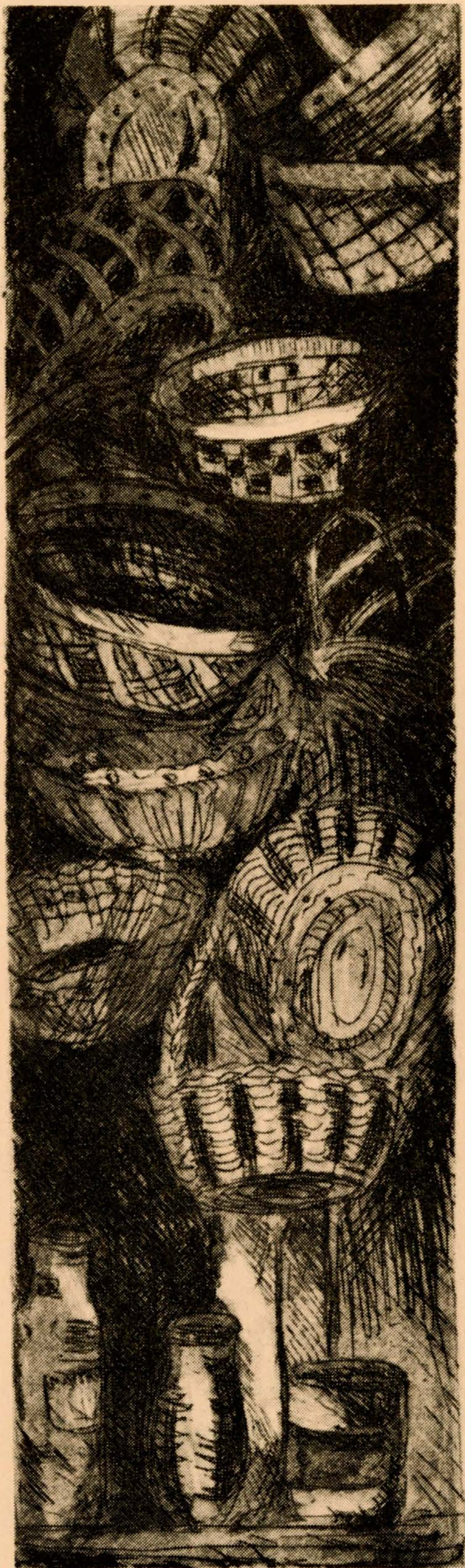
I could bury my books in the blanket of white and meet you under mistletoe.

Becky Perry

NEVER SAY NEVER

Never try to create a masterpiece in the dark.
Never do today what can be put off till tomorrow.
Never hit a man when he's down: he might get up again.
Never act as if you're perfect. Unless, of course, you are.
Never talk to strangers. Even if they're friends of yours.
Never hit a child except in anger (G.B. Shaw).
Never take yourself too seriously. Nobody else will!

Phillip Eby



Cheese Shop

Phyllis Boger

THE TEAR

As it falls — sshhhh!
Listen to the drip.
The pain is so relinquished
Strip by strip.

Each layer removed
You really must hear
The long awaited cry
Of the held back tear.

The chill surrounds it
Starts to freeze.
The tear rolls off
Lost in the breeze.

The sting returns
From memories
Of loves that are lost
Above the trees.

The past returns
So anonymously.
The tear comes back
To follow me.

There is no truth
In what we see.
It's what we do
So carelessly.

It hurts us now
Just like the past.
When the tear ran away
From us so fast.

Leonard Helms

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A RAINBOW

Dedicated to the 7 astronauts and their families

Have you ever seen a rainbow,
Across the great blue sky?
If you have you know that rainbows
Don't give you time to say goodbye.

Have you ever held a butterfly
And wanted it to stay,
And just when you are happy,
It gets up and flies away.

When someone leaves the others,
The others left behind,
May sometimes mourn their brothers,
But sometimes they are blind.
Although we feel their passing,
We've got to understand,
That while we sit here mourning,
They're touching great god's hand.

by Frank Eaton
5th grader at Myrtle Beach Elementary

Dear Friends,

I would like to give special thanks to a few people who helped make this Archarios possible.

To the artists and writers who made the effort to contribute to the Archarios – without them this book would not exist.

To the members of the Selection Committee for their judgement.

To Professor Sweet for her guidance and understanding.

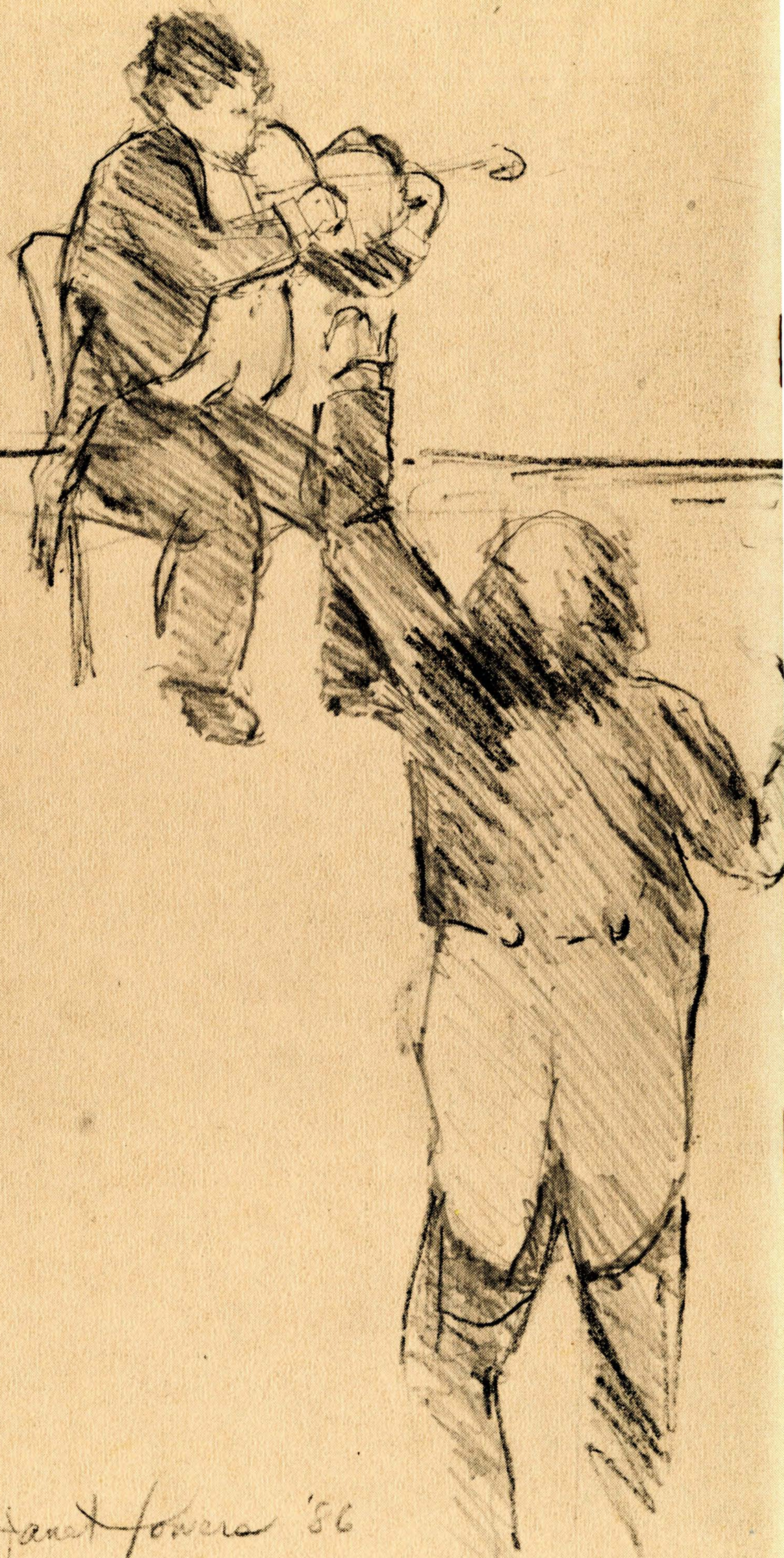
To the staff of the Media Center for their help and patience.

To this budding young poet, Frank Eaton, for his sensitive creation.

To Professor Collin for his perceptive wit and for allowing us to laugh at ourselves.

To my daughter, Karen, for her advice, criticism, patience and special F/X.

Donna J. Hill, Editor



Janet Fowler '86